

age Jones, his friends called him- metropolis. The party of the second complained that he had a craving to take part in the dynamic activities of life and was hampered by the necessity of spending his dead uncle's millions in New York, Waldemar, the owner of an important and decent newspaper, told him to go in for following up queer advertisements in the newspapers, and that he would pay for tracing down fraudulent advertisers. The first ad that attracted Jones

WANTED-PERFORMER ON B-FLAT trombone. Can use at once. Apply with instrument after 1 p. m., 300 East 100th

And this is the story of the ad:

"Ad-Visor! Do you expect me to blight my budding career by a poisonous pun like that?" demanded Average Jones with a wry face.

"It may be a poisonous pun, but it's an arresting catch-word," said Waldemar, unmoved. "Single column. about fifty lines will do it, in nice open style. Caps and lower case, and black-faced type for the name and title. Insert twice a week in every New York and Brooklyn paper."

"Suppose, then, I do burst into flame to this effect?" queried the prespec-tive "Ad-Visor." "Et apres? as we

"Apres? Oh, plenty of things.

"And between times I'm to go skipping about, chasing B-flat trombones, I suppose.

"You'll have no time for skipping. Within six months, if you're not sandbagged or jailed on fake libel suits. you'll have a unique bibliography of swindles. Then I'll begin to come and buy your knowledge to keep my own columns clean."

The speaker looked up to meet the gaze of an iron-gray man with a harsh.

"Excuse my interrupting," said the new-comer. "Just one question, Waldemar. Who's going to be the nomi-

"Linder."

"Linder? Surely not! His federal Job?"

"He resigns in two weeks." "His record will kill him."

"What record? You and I know he's a grafter. But can we prove anything? His clerk has always handled all the money."

vaguely.

woman is dead-killed by his brutal a running policeman. treatment of her, they say. But the whole thing was hushed up at the time ness! Come on; you an' yer horn." by Linder's pull, and when the husband threatened to kill him Linder German patiently, "it iss a B-flat tromquietly set a commissioner of insanity | bone." on the case and had the man put away. He's never appeared since. No,

that wouldn't be politically effective." The gray man nodded and walked away, musing.

"Egbert, the traction boss," exstraighter one. And I could get him this year if Linder wasn't so well fortified. However, to get back to our project, Mr. Jones-"

Get back to it they did with such absorption that when the group broke up, several hours later, Average Jones was committed, by plan and rote, to the new and hopeful advenable William Linder matured his designs on the mayoralty, Average Jones sat in a suite of offices in Astor court, a location which Waldemar had advised as being central, expensive and inspirational of confidence. and considered, with a whirling brain, the minor woes of humanity. It was hard, honest study and helpful toil rather than the romance and adventure which he had hoped for, until, in a quiet street in Brooklyn, of which month after the explosion. Waldemar he had never so much as heard, there dropped in at the Astor court offices. befell that which gave Average Jones He found a changed Jones; much thin- !'Now, Mister Jones, if he commences

When Mr. A. V. R. E. Jones-Aver- | a part in the greater drama of the part was the Honorable William Lin-

> Mr. Linder sat at five p. m., of an early summer day, behind lock and bolt. The third floor front room of his ornate mansion on Brooklyn's park slope was dedicated to peaceful thought. Sprawled in a huge and softly upholstered chair at the window, he took his ease in his house. The chair had been a recent gift from an anonymous admirer whose political necessities, the Honorable Mr. Linder idly surmised, had not yet driven him to reveal his identity. Its occupant stretched his shoeless feet, as was his custom, upon the broad window-sill, flooded by the seasonable warmth of sunshine, the while he considered the ripening mayoralty situation. He found it highly satisfactory. In the language of his inner man, it was a cinch.

> Below, in Kennard street, a solitary musician plodded. His pretzel-shaped brass rested against his shoulder. His upward glance encountered the promithe Linder mansion, and rested. Opposite the window he paused. He raised the mouthpiece to his lips and embarked on a perilous sea of notes 'Egypt."

An irascible temper was. The master of the mansion leaped from his restful chair. Where his feet had ornamented the coping his face now appeared. Far out he leaned, and roared

at the musician below: "Go away! Move on!"

The musician smile! reassuringly. "I got already paid for this," he explained.

Up went the brass to his lips again. The tonal stairway which leads up to the chorus of "Egypt" rose in rasping wailfulness. It culminated in an excessive, unendurable, brazen shriekand the Honorable William Linder experienced upon the undefended rear of his person the most violent kick of a lifetime not always devoted to the arts of peace. It projected him clear of the window sill. An awning intercepted the politician's flight. He passed through this, penetrated a second and lay placid on his own front steps with three ribs caved in and a variegated fracture of the collar bone. By the time the descent was enied the Ger-"Wasn't there an old scandal—a man musician had tucked his brass unwoman case?" asked the questioner der his arm and was hurrying in panic down the street, his ears still ringing That Washington man's wife? Too with the concussion which had blown old. Linder would deny it flatly, and the angry householder from his own there would be no witnesses. The front window. He was intercepted by

"Come along back. You fer a wit-"It iss not a horn," explained the

Along with several million other readers. Average Jones followed the Linder "bomb outrage" through the scandalized headlines of the local press. The perpetrator, declared the excited journals, had been skillful. No plained Waldemar. "We're generally clue was left. The explosion had on opposite sides, but this time we're taken care of that. The police hung both against Linder. Egbert wants a tenaciously to the theory that the mucheaper man for mayor. I want a sician was involved, chiefly because they had nothing else to hang to. The explosion had been very localized, the room not generally wrecked; but the chair which seemed to be the center of disturbance, and from which the Honorable William Linder had risen just in time to save his life, was blown to pieces, and a portion of the floor beneath it was shattered. The force ture of Life. What time the Honor- of the explosion had been from above the floor downward; not up through the flooring. As to murderously inclined foes, Mr. Linder disclaimed knowledge of any. The notion that the trombonist had given a signal he

derided as an "Old Sleuth pipe-dream." Average Jones, who was much occupied with a pair of blackmailers operating through faked photographs, ural." about that time, had almost forgotten the Linder case when, one day, a

ner and "finer" than when, eight weeks before, he had embarked on his new career, at the newspaper owner's instance. The young man's color was less pronounced and his eyes, though alert and eager, showed rings under

"You have found the work interesting, I take it," remarked the visitor. "Ra-ather," drawled Average Jones

"You haven't run appreciatively. across any promising ads lately, have you?"

Waldemar's wide, florid brow wrinkled.

"I haven't thought or dreamed of anything for a month but this infernal bomb explosion. It makes Linder's nomination certain. Persecution. Attempted assassination. He becomes a near-martyr."

'They let the musician go, didn't they?"

"Yes. There was absolutely no proof against him, except that he was in the street below. Besides, he seemed quite lacking mentally."

"Well, if I needed an accomplice," said Average Jones thoughtfully, "I wouldn't want any better one than a

half-witted man. Did he play well?" "Atrociously. And if you know what a soul-shattering blare exudes from a Bflat trombine—" Mr. Waldemar lifted

expressive hands. Within Average Jones' overstocked mind something stirred at the repetition of the words "B-flat trombone." Somewhere they had attracted his notice in print. Then from amidst the hundreds of advertisements with which, in the past weeks, he had crowded his brain, one stood out clear. Average Jones made two steps to a bookcase, took down a huge scrapbook from an alphabeticized row and turned the leaves rapidly.

"Three Hundred East One Hundredth street," said he, slamming the book shut again. "Three Hundred East One Hundredth. You won't mind, will you"-to Waldemar-"if I leave you unceremoniously?"

"Recalled a forgotten engagement?" asked the other, rising.

"Yes. No. I mean I'm going to Harlem to hear some music. Thirtyfourth's the nearest station, isn't it? Thanks. So long."

Waldemar rubbed his head thoughtfully as the door slammed behind the speeding Ad-Visor.

"Now, what kind of a tune is he on the track of, I wonder?" he mused. "I wish it hadn't struck him until I'd had time to go over the Linder business with him."

Three Hundred East One Hundredth street is a house decrepit with a disease of the aged. To Average Jones' inquiring gaze on this summer day it nent feet in the third-story wirdow of opposed the secrecy of a senile indifference.

An old lady come to the door. She was sleek and placid, round and comfortable. She did not seem to belong from which the tutored ear might have in that house at all. Average Jones proudly say after spending a week in inferred that once popular ditty, felt as if he had cracked open one of the grisly locust shells which cling Love of music was not one of the lifelessly to tree trunks and had found You'll be flooded," promised Walde- Honorable William Linder's attributes. within a plump and prosperous beetle.

bone player inserted from this house, ma'am?" he inquired.

"Long ago," said she. "The person who inserted the adver

tisement-"

"Has left. A month since. Left no address."

"His name was Telford, wasn't it?"

said Average Jones strategically. "Might be," said the old lady, who had evidently formed no favorable impression of her ex-logger. "But he called himself Ransom. He had the whole third floor, furnished."

"Is it let now?" "Part of it. The rear."

"I'll take the front room." "You're a very queer young man.

Are you a B-flat trombone player?" "I collect 'em," said Average Jones. "References?" said the old lady

abruptly and with suspicion. "All varieties," replied her prospective lodger cheerfully. "I will bring

em tomorrow with my grip." For five successive evenings thereafter Average Jones sat in the senile house, awaiting personal response to the following advertisement which he

WANTED - B-FLAT TROMBONIST Must have had experience as street player. Apply between 8 and 10 p. m. R-, 300 East 100th street.

had inserted in the Universal:

Between the ebb and flow of applicant musicians he read exhaustively upon the unallied subjects of trombones and high explosives, or talked with his landiady, who proved to be a sociable person, not disinclined to discuss the departed guest. "Ransom," his supplanter learned, had come light and gone light. Two dress suit cases had sufficed to bring in all his belongings. He went out but little, and then, she opined with a disgustful sniff, for purposes strictly alcoholic. Farcels came for him occasionally. These were usually labeled "Glass. Handle with care." Ch! there was one other thing. A huge, easy armchair from Carruthers & Co., mighty luxurious for an eight-dollar lodger. After he had been here awhile he had a man come in and box it up.

"Was this before or after the trombone players came?"

"Long after. It was after he had picked out his man and had him up here practicing."

"Did-er-you ever-er-see this musician?" drawled Average Jones in the slow tones of his peculiar excitement. "What was he like?"

"He was a stupid old German. I always thought he was a sort of a nat-

"Yes?" Average Jones peered out of the window. "Is this the man coming up the street?" "It surely is," said the old lady.

his blaring and blatting and-" "There'll be no more music, ma'am," promised the young ran, laughing, as

she went out to answer the door-bell. The musician, ushered in, looked about him, an expression of bewildered and childish surprise on his rabbit-

like face. "I am Schlichting," he murmured; 'I come to play the B-flat trombone." "Glad to see you, Mr. Schlichting," said Average Jones, leading the way

upstairs. "Sit down." The visitor put his trombone down and shook his head with conviction. "It iss the same room, yes," he ob-

served. "But it iss not the same gent, "You expected to find Mr. Ransom here? Mr. Ransom, the gentleman

who employed you to play in the street in Brooklyn?" Mr. Schlichting made large and ex-

pansive gestures. "It iss a pleasure to play for such a gent," he said warmly. "Two dollars a day." "You have played often in Brooklyn? Where the fat gentleman told you to

stop and fell out of the window?" A look of fear overspread the worn and innocent face. "I don't go there no more. The po-

lice, they take me." "But you had gone there before?"

"Not to play; no." "Not to play? Are you sure?" The German considered painfully. There vass no feet in the window,"

he explained, brightening. Upon that surprising phrase Average Jones pondered. "You were not to play unless there were feet in the window," he said at length. "Was that

The musician assented. "It does look like a signal to show

that Linder was in," mused the interrogator. "Do you know Mr. Linder?" "I don't know nothing only to play the B-flat trombone," repeated the other patiently.

"Now, Schlichting," said Average Jones, "here is a dollar. Every evening you must come here. Whether I am here or not, there will be a dollar for you. Do you understand?"

By way of answer the German reached down and lifted his instrument to his lips.

"No, not for that," forbade Average Jones. "Put it down." "Not to play my B-flat trombone?" asked the other, innocently hurt. "The

other gent he make me play here always. "Did he?" drawled Jones. "And he

-er-listened?"

"He listened from out there." The musician pointed to the other room. "Always. And I play 'Egypt.' Like ed upon the opening question. Aver-"No!" said Average Jones, as the

other stretched out a hopeful hand. "He liked it-'Egypt,'" said the German wistfully. "He said: 'Bravo! Encore! Bis!' Sometimes nine, some- the highest-priced wines in New York times ten times over I play it, the chorus.

"And then he sent you home?" "Then sometimes something goes 'sping-g-g-g-g!' like that in the back room. Then he comes out and I may go home."

"Um-m," muttered Average Jones discontentedly. "When did you begin to play in the street?'

"After a long time. He take me away to Brooklyn and tell me, 'When you see the feet iss in the window you play hard!'"

There was a long pause. Then Average Jones asked casually: "Did you ever notice a big easy chair

here?" "I do not notice nothing. I play my

B-flat trombone." And there his limitations were established. But the old lady had something to add.

"It's all true that he said," she confirmed. "The next thing," said Average

Jones, "is to find out where that big easy chair went from here. Can you help me there?" The old lady shook her head. "All

I can do is to tell you the nearby truckman.'

Canvass of the local trucking industry brought to light the conveyor of steps, feeling for a key. that elegant article of furniture. 'It had gone, Average Jones learned, not to the mansion of the Honorable William Linder, as he had fondly hoped, but to an obscure address not far from the navy yard in Brooklyn. To this address, having looked up and gathered in the B-flat trombenist, Average Jones led the way. The pair lurked in the neighborhood of the ramshackle house watching the entrance, until toward evening, as the door opened to let out a tremulous wreck of a man. palsied with debauch, Schlichting ob-

served: "That iss him. He hass been drinking again once."

Average Jones hurried the musician around the corner into concealment. "It comes to this." drawled Average Jones intently, looking the employee between his vacuous eyes. "Ransom shipped the chair to Plymouth street and from there to Linder's house. He figured out that Linder would put it in his study and do his sitting at the window in it. And you were to know when he was there by seeing his feet in the window, and give the signal when you saw him. It must have been a signal to somebody pretty far off, or he wouldn't have chosen so loud an instrument as a B-flat trombone."

"I can play the B-flat trombone louder as any man in the business." asserted Schlichting with proud conviction. "But what gets me," pursued Average Jones. "is the purpose of the sig-

nal. Whom was it for?" "I don't know nothing," said the other complacently. "I only know how to play the B-flat trombone louder as

any man in the world" Average Jones paid him a lump sum. dismissed him and returned to the Cos- | Jones? Jones! Jones?!" He tried it in mic club, there to ponder the problem. three different accents, without ex-Absorbed, he failed to notice that the club was filling up beyond its wont. A hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hello, Average. Haven't seen you at a Saturday special night since you started your hobby."

It was Bertram, the club idler. What's on?" Average Jones asked

him, shaking hauds. "Freak concert. Waldemar is at our table. Come and join us."

Conversation at the round-table was general and livel; that evening, and not until the port came on-the prideful club port, served only on special occasions and in wonderful, delicate glasses-did Average Jones get an opportunity to speak to Waldemar aside.

"I've been looking into that Linder matter a little. You spoke of an old scandal in Linder's career. What was the husband's name?"

"Arbuthnot, I believe."

"What was his business?" "Government employment, I think." "In the-er-scientific line, perhaps?" drawled Jones.

"Why, yes, I believe it was." "Well, it's only a chance; but if I can get one dark point cleared up-"

He paused as a curious, tingling note came from the platform where the musicians were tuning up. The performer nearest them was running a slow bass scale on a sort of twostringed horse-fiddle of a strange shape. Average Jones' still untouched glass, almost full of the precious port, trembled and sang a little tentative response. Up-up-up mounted the thrilling notes, in crescendo force.

"What a racking sort of tone, for all its sweetness!" said Average Jones. His delicate and fragile port glass evidently shared the opinion, for, without further warning, it split and shivered.

"They used to show that experiment in the laboratory," said Bertram. "You must have had just the accurate amount of liquid in the glass, Average. Move back, you lunatic, it's dripping all over you."

But Average Jones sat unheeding. The liquor dribbled down into his lap. He kept his fascinated gaze fixed on the shattered glass. Bertram dabbed at him with a napkin.

"Tha-a-nks, Bertram," drawled the beneficiary of this attention. "Doesn't matter. Excuse me. Goodnight."

Leaving his surprised companions, he took hat and cane and caught a Third avenue car. By the time he had reached Brooklyn bridge he had his campaign mapped out. It all dependage Jones decided to hit out and hit quick.

At the house near the navy yard he learned that his man was out. So he sat upon the front steps while one of dried into his knees. Shortly before

Thousands will be. They're Laying for You. Who ? The Crooks who Advertise.

A. Jones

Ad-Visor

Can Protect You

Against Them.

Thousands have.

Before Spending Your Money Call on Him. Advice on all Subjects Connected with Newspaper, Magazine or Display Advertising. Free Consultation to Persons Unable to Pay. Call or Write, Inclosing Postage. This Is On The Level.

Jones, Ad-Visor. The Ad of Average Jones.

eleven a shuffling figure paused at the "Mr. Arbuthnot, otherwise Ran-

som?" said Average Jones blandly. The man's chin jerked back. His jaw dropped.

"Would you like to hire another Bflat trombonist?" pursued the young he stands ready to confess."

"Who are you?" gasped the other. What do you want?' "I want to know," drawled Average

Jones, "how-er-you planted the glass bulb-er-the sulphuric acid bulb, you know-in the chair that you sent-er-to the Honorable William Linder, so that-er-it wouldn't be shattered by anything but the middle C of a B-flat trombone?"

The man sat down weakly and bowed his face in his hands. Presently he looked up.

"I don't care," he said. "Come inside.

At the end of an hour's talk Arbuth-

not, alias Ransom, agreed to everything that Average Jones proposed. "Mind you," he said, "I don't promise I won't kill him later. But meantime it'll be some satisfaction to put him down and out politically. You can

find me here any time you want me. You say you'll see Linder tomorrow?" "Tomorrow," said Average Jones. 'Look in the next day's papers for the result."

Setting his teelphone receiver down, the Honorable William Linder lost himself in conjecture. He had just given an appointment to his tried and true, but quite impersonal enemy, Mr. Horace Waldemar.

"What can Waldemar want of me?" friend, Jones, that he's bringing? an heiress and lost."

tracting any particular meaning therefrom. Nothing much in the political game," he decided.

"It was with a mingling of gruffness and dignity that he greeted Mr. Waldemar an hour later, and turned to meet Average Jones' steady gaze and mildly-inquiring smile.

"Do you-er-know anything of submarine mines, Mr. Linder?" drawled the visiter.

"Huh?" returned the Honorable Wiliam Linder, startled.

"Submarine mines," explained the other. "Mines-in-the-sea, if you wish words of one syllable."

The lids of the Honorable Linder contracted.

"You're in the wrong joint," he said, this ain't the Naval college."

"Thank you. A submarine is a very ingenious affair. I've recently been reading somewhat extensively on the subject. The main charge is some high explosive, usually of the dynamite type. Above it is a small jar of sulphuric acid. Teeth, working on levers, surround this jar. The levers project outside the mine. When a ship strikes the mine, one or more of the levers are pressed in. The teeth crush the jar. The sulphuric acid drops upon the main charge and explodes it. Do you follow me?"

"I'll follow you as far as the front door," said the politician balefully. He

"If the charge were in a chair, in the cushion of an easy chair, we'll say, on the third floor of a house in Brook-

The Honorable William Linder sat

down again. He sat heavily. "—the problem would be somewhat different. Of course, it would be easy to arrange that the first person to sit down in the chair would, by his own weight, blow himself up. But the first person might not be the right person. you know. Do you still follow me?"

The Honorable William Linder made a remark like a fish.

"Now, we have, if you will forgive my professorial method," continued Average Jones, "a chair sent to a gentleman of prominence from an anonymous source. In this chair is a charge of high explosive and above it a glass buib containing sulphuric acid. The bulb, we will assume, is so safeguard ed as to resist any ordinary shock of moving. But when this gentleman. sitting at ease in his chair, is noticed by a trombonist, placed for that pur pose in the street below-"

"The Dutch horn-player!" cried the politician. "Then it was him; and

"Only an innocent tool," interrupted Average Jones, in his turn. "He had no comprehension of what he was doing. He didn't understand that the vibration from his trombone on one particular note of the slide up the scaleas in the chorus of 'Egypt'-would shiver that glass and set off the charge. All that he knew was to play the B-flat trombone and take his pay.' 'His pay?" The question leaped to

"A- man-named-er-Arbuthnot?" drawled Average Jones. Linder's eyes did not drop, but a film seemed to be drawn over them. "You once knew-er-a Mrs. Ar-

the politician's lips. 'Who paid him?"

The thick shoulders quivered a lit-

"Her husband-her widower-is in Brooklyn. Shall I push the argument any further to convince you that you'd better drop out of the mayoralty race?'

What kind of a game are you ringing in on me?" he demanded. "Don't you think," suggested Average Jones sweetly, "that considered as

Linder recovered himself a little.

news, this-" Linder caught the word out of bis mouth. "News!" he roared. "Even your dirty paper, Waldemar, wouldn't rake that kind of muck up after ten years. It'd be a boomerang. You'll have to put up a stronger line of black-

mail and bluff than that." "Blackmail is perhaps the correct word technically," admitted the newspaper owner, "but bluff-there you go wrong. You've forgotten one thing; that Arbuthnot's arrest and confession would make the whole story news. We stand ready to arrest Arbuthnot, and

silence. Then-"What do you want?" The straightto-the-point question was an admission of defeat.

There was a long, tense minute of

"Your announcement of withdrawal. I'd rather print that than the Arbuthnot story.

the Honorable William Linder dropped his hand on the table, palm up. "You win," he declared curtly. "Did you dope this out, young fellow?"

"Yes.

Norris turns out.

"Well, you've put me in the Downand-Out club, all right. And I'm just curious enough to want to know how you did it." "By abstaining," returned Average

Jones cryptically, "from the best wine that ever came out of the Cosmic club cellar." (Copyright. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Heard on the Train. First Man (with magazine)-What a

tremendous number of stories Penley

Second Man-Does he! They say he uses an incubator to hatch his plots.

In the Matrimonial Mart. "Ever lost anything in speculation, old man?"

"Yes; I spent considerable time ran his thoughts. "And who is this speculating on my chances of winning

There was a long silence. Finally